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IN THE WINTER SKY...AMID DOGFIGHTING BI-PLANES...
WORLD'S NIGHTSHADE DEMONS BATTLE "BRANNIGAN'S GREMLINS"

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to - against the evil demons of the
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CREEPY

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33 CLOSE SHAVE Eddy's razor was sharpened to a hair-edge. His shaking hand held it poised above Tyson's throat. One slash and Tyson's wife...and money...would be his. It was that simple. Wasn't it?

38 BATTLE ROT Sigfried, the arrogant Axis ace, scorned the Infantry...and their talk of zombie corpses. He feared nothing. Till his plane crashed. And he encountered the terrible walking dead!

45 BILLICAR & MOLYWAMBLES The teacher locked Billy in a closet. And he simply disappeared...fell into a terrifying world. Where good people were witches, and Molywambles ate human hearts!

Dear Uncle Creepy...



In balance, CREEPY #79 was a good, well-crafted issue, not spectacular just good solid CREEPY literature.

Several spots of excellence did exist however. The cover was truly a masterpiece of nearly photographic realism painted by a very gifted artist. I question, however, if that artist was Samkin. It looked more like Enrich to me. What about it, Igles?

Budd Lewis, "The Pit" was a powerful tale replete with moody lyricism.

But in my opinion, the high point of the issue was Jim Stenstrom's delightful "Super Abnormal Survival Kit". Stenstrom trod the fine line between sere and parody with marvelous success and his versatile and masterful John Severin provided the perfect graphic embodiment for the title. Frank "Survival Kit" among the few completely enjoyable graphic stories I've had the pleasure to read.

EO O'REILLY
Ada, Ohio

Right, Ed. The much pressed cover of CREEPY #79 was painted by Enrich. The editor's apologies to Enrich for this misprint.

CREEPY #79 was a particularly fine issue! Every story was tops. Fantastic!

"Kur" was one of Alex Toth's finest tales to date and marks his increasing adeptness as a writer. He has been a gifted artist for years.

But the true winner of the issue was Bruce Jones' "As Ye Sow". What a shocker! A story filled with horror upon gory horror as ghoulish babbling vampires state a decimated world. Luis Benneze's delicate art provided the perfect counterpoint to this tale of terror. This should be another Warren Award winner next time around for sure!

ALEX RUJONOV
New York, N.Y.

Just a note to let you know how much I enjoyed CREEPY #79. There wasn't really a bad story in the lot.

Top honors for this issue must go to Jim Stenstrom and John Severin for "The S.A.P.S. Kit". This piece (you can't really call it a story) deserves a special Warren award. I haven't enjoyed Severin's work so much since the early days of "Mud" but I always was a sucker for anything that could make me laugh out loud.

More! More! More!!!

WILLIAM NEVILLE
Cut Off, La.

Re. CREEPY #79
"As Ye Sow" was the winner of a fantastic issue.
More stories by Bruce Jones please.

SETH ABRAMSON
New York, N.Y.

Enrich's cover, of course, had very little to do with the story. "As Ye Sow" except a vague resemblance to the blond lead character and a serene ghoulish theme. Still, Enrich's work is head and shoulders above most anyone else's in the field and that cover was a particularly impressive example of his work.

Bruce Jones script for "As Ye Sow" was one of the best vampire parns in recent years. Wonder, though, whether it was necessary to blow away half of the girl's face to attain that effect of stonage wretched horror. Wouldn't the ending have been just as horrible, in a more subtle way, without it?

Artwise "Kur" was one of those rare perfect combinations of art and story. Not one panel too long, no flashy production techniques, just word and pictures meshing in the service of storytelling. Sulfiter is to say most of the people writing and drawing comics today could take a few lessons from Alex Toth.

"The Shadow of the Axe" was not at all what I had expected. It was more subtle, more literate than your average comics script. The name Dave Sles is new to me. But if this is a fair sample of his work I would enjoy more stories by him.

And Russ Heath is back! His classy illustrations nicely complemented the story, and marked a strong return for an artist too long absent from the pages of the Warren magazines!

"Variation on 'Pity Marsh'" was okay, but could have been better. I'd Gerry Boudreau had thought a couple things through.

For example, although Joe Prentiss had been dead nearly a quarter century (and looks every day of it), nobody had any difficulty recognizing him! Otherwise, fine!

Keep those CREEPY thrills and chills coming!

BRIAN CAGEN
Cincinnati, Ohio

CREEPY #79 started out with a beautifully rendered Enrich cover! And Jose Ortiz rendition of Uncle Creepy was excellent, why he looked almost human!

All in all, a great issue! Look forward to #80.

RUSSELL CONDELLO
Rochester, N.Y.

Issue #79 is one of the best CREEPY's ever. I have a complaint about one story only. My grip concerns "Kur" by Alex Toth. It was simply too short! More Toth! Longer Toth stories! Toth is tops!

"The Super-Abnormal Phenomena Survival Kit" was hilarious. One of the best stories of its kind I have ever read.

Next comes "Visitation at Pity Marsh". I really got involved in that one to the point where I was angry at the ending. It was wrong!

The best story of the issue was "Shadow of the Axe". Incredible art by Russ Heath and a fabulous script by Dave Sles helped create a story that was unforgettable!

MATTHEW HUDSON
Lolcut Grove, Ohio.

My favorite story was "The Shadow of the Axe" by Dave Sles and Russ Heath. I think that what I enjoyed most was the subtle story telling. You never really know why the father was an axe murderer but that is not important. In fact, it is in this case an asset.

Since the story is told through the eyes of his son, we see and know only what the boy sees and knows. And his decisive action, when he discovers the truth about his father's activities and resolves to end his mother's anguish is all that is needed to make this a fine story. The ending is a shocker without being gimmicky.

Heath's art was the perfect complement to this excellent story.

More art by this master, please. He's one of my favorites.

FRED KIMMER
Linerick, Ireland

You'll be delighted to learn, Fred, that Russ Heath will have another masterful tale in the upcoming CREEPY #83.

opinions? write...

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY

c/o Warren Publishing
145 E. 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

I am totally disappointed by one story in CREEPY #79. This magazine is supposed to feature horror, not humor. Especially comedy as comy as is in the "Super Abnormal Survival Kit". I think CREEPY should do better.

I have no complaints about the other stories.

JOHN MARTIN
Shreveport, Louisiana

The cover of CREEPY #79 was breathtaking. Superior! Fabulous. Enrich's skill is fantastic.

This issue was a bit gory, but, as is usual in Warren presentations, the gore was carefully and tastefully handled.

It seems that other horror magazines on the market have had only one goal: to satisfy their reader's desire for blood, gore, sex and violence. But we Warren readers expect quality art and story and we get it.

The reappearance of Russ Heath with his outstanding rendition of "Shadow of the Axe" was surprising. But then Warren is full of surprises!

The Budd Lewis/Joaquin Biazquez "Pit in the Living Room Floor" was heart-stopping, filled with movement, over exposed effects, binding and whirling action which left me dizzy for a long while.

I turned next to the Warren Awards, the only disappointment of the issue. As a Corben fan, I was greatly surprised to find his name missing. No award for Corben? A cruel! True, there was a noticeable lack of Corben material and I for one have missed it greatly. More Corben work.

Rich Corben's work is terrific, phenomenal, the best.

I'd like to see more of it.

PETER REYNOLDS
Chelmsford, Mass

Rich has been very busy recently on his own projects, PETE. One of them is a book called "Bloodstar" adapted from a story by Robert E. Howard. This full-length hard cover book will be available through Captain Company soon.

But that doesn't mean that Rich has forgotten Warren entirely.

A ten-page Corben story called "Within You, Without You," written by Bruce Jones is due to appear in EERE #77. A new color tale, "In Deep" by Bruce is scheduled for CREEPY #83. And the long lost color story "Bewer" by Jim Stroud and Rich is scheduled for VAMPIRELLA #54!



BRANNIGAN'S DEAD. HE PASSED AWAY QUIETLY IN HIS SLEEP TWO DAYS AND AGE, IT FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM.



BRANNIGAN WAS THE LAST LYNCH-BLATTERY SLAYER. THEY WERE THE FOOLISH ONES, FOOLISH ... CARELESS ... OR BOTH. DEATH CLAIMED THEIR SOULS EARLY.



BUT BRANNIGAN ...! BRANNIGAN AND ME ASIDE? I'VE SURVIVED THAT GREAT WAR ... AND ALL THE HORRORS THAT WENT WITH IT!

BUT EVEN THE SURVIVORS DON'T SURVIVE FOREVER. AND NOW BRANNIGAN LIES QUIETLY IN HIS GRAVE.



BUT I KNOW THAT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, HE ISN'T DOWN THERE ALONE!

BRANNIGAN'S GRENDELINS



AND JUST THINKING ABOUT THOSE WHO ARE IN THAT COFFIN WITH HIM ... FLOODS MY MIND WITH IMAGES OF THE AWAY ...

... FRIENDS OF BRANNIGAN, ME, AND OUR TINY "FRIENDS," DOMINATING THE SKIES IN THAT WAR TO END ALL WARS!

I WAS BUT A BABE
IN THOSE FINAL DAYS OF
THE WAR, EIGHTEEN, NEWLY
COMMISSIONED, AND GREENER
THAN A MOSS-COVERED
LIME.



WHEN I GOT TO VERDUN, THERE
WASN'T MUCH LEFT OF THE ONCE-
GLORIOUS RFC SQUADRON TO
WHICH I HAD BEEN ASSIGNED.



ALL TOLLED, THERE
WERE FOUR WAR-
WEARY PILOTS, ONE
QUARTERMASTER WHO
KEPT THEIR HIGH WHEN
THEY WEREN'T IN
THEIR CHICKEN COOPS
... AND AN OVER-
WORKED BUT MUCH-
APPRECIATED FRENCH
MECHANIC.



UP UNTIL THAT MORNING THERE
HAD BEEN A FIFTH PILOT, WHO
WAS ON ORDER TO RETURN HOME
THAT SAME DAY. I HAD TO BE HIS
REPLACEMENT.



A GERMAN BOMBER SHOT HIM
DOWN TWO MILES BEYOND THE
ALLIED LINES.

THE SQUADRON'S LOSS MADE
MY WELCOME COOL. I WAS
FEELING UNWANTED, UNLOVED
AND GRANTED UNTIL
SOMEBODY SMATTERED THE
SILENT MOMENT OF MOURNING
WITH A THUNDERING TONED.

TO TOMMY
BOYLE! ONE
HELLAWAY PILOT!
MAY HIS
REPLACEMENT
BE AS BRAVE
AS HE!



WITH THOSE WORDS OUR
COMRADERIE... OUR FRIENDSHIP...
OUR RESPECT FOR ONE ANOTHER
WAS SEALED UNTO THE GRAVE.



FOR THE FIRST TIME, I KNEW HOW
D'ARTAGNAN MUST HAVE FELT
WHEN HE WAS SWORN IN AS A
MURKETEER!

I FOUND OUT LATER THAT THERE WASN'T MUCH NEED FOR FIVE PILOTS WHEN OUR ENTIRE SQUADRON CONSISTED OF TWO ANCIENT SOPWITH CAMELS, ONE HULLIPORT WHOSE ENGINE HAD ONCE POWERED A BOCHÉ VT BOM, AND BRANNISAN'S WELL-WORN BRISTOL FIGHTER.



SO I FLEW IN BRANNISAN'S TWIN-SEATER ON MY FIRST COMBAT OUTING... BACKING HIM UP AS TAIL-GUNNER.



THE SQUADRON'S PRIMARY MISSION WAS TO COVER OUR GROUND FORCES... AND STRAFE THE HUND BACK INTO GERMANY.

I LEARNED QUICKLY, HOWEVER, THAT HENNE RARELY ALLOWED US THE OPPORTUNITY TO PURSUE OUR MISSION UNHINDERED.



AFTER FOUR YEARS OF BATTLE, GERMANY'S AIR FORCE SEEMED AS FRESH... AS NEW AS IF THEY HAD ENTERED THE WAR ONLY YESTERDAY. YET, THEY HAD ANOTHER EDGE BESIDES FASTER, SLEEKER EQUIPMENT...



...EXPERIENCE!

YET, AS EXPERIENCED AS THE HENS WERE, THEY PROVED NO MATCH FOR THE AERIAL ARTISTRY OF BRANNISAN, SLATTERY, LYNCH AND BRADY.



SLATTERY AND LYNCH EACH SLICED THEMSELVES AN OPPONENT OUT OF THE ENEMY FORMATION, WHILE BRADY AND BRANNISAN TOOK ONE WITH THEM... STRAIGHT INTO HELL!



IT WRENCHED LIKE AN AERIAL BULLET THEN PLANES DANCED MADLY IN THE AIR, THEIR GUNS CHATTERING LIKE THE TEETH OF BOSSIPY OLD WOMEN.



I COULDN'T EVEN CLICK THE SAFETY OFF MY LEWIS GUN BEFORE BRANNISAN'S 30-METER BOSSAN BARKING LIKE A RABBIT DOG...

...AND BRADY SCREAMED A PITH STRAIGHT THROUGH THE HENS' FORMATION, OBLIVIOUS TO THE BULLETS WHIPPING THE AIR AROUND HIM.

THE WORLD WAS SWIRLING MADLY, INEPTLY WHEN MY NUMBED FINGERS FINALLY FOUND THE TRIGGER OF MY NEGLECTED WEAPON.



BY THEN... THE WORLD SEEMED TO EXPLODE AROUND ME, AS THREE KUMPLERS BURST INTO A FIERY DEATH...



...AND I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, OF SOMETHING THAT SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN!



LITTLE CREATURES AT FIRST A FEW... THEN DOZENS OF THEM APPEARED FROM NOWHERE ... PULLING THEMSELVES OUT OF BULLET HOLES, EMERGING FROM UNDER SEATS, CLAWING UP MY LEG AND SLIDING DOWN THE SIDING OF OUR AEROPLANE!



BLACK DEVILS FOR WANT OF A BETTER TERM... HIDEOUS, SINISTER-LOOKING MINIATURE DEMONS WHO SEEMED ONLY TOO BRANNISAN OR MYSELF... TO LITERALLY TEAR OUR CRAFT APART!

AND WORST OF ALL, BRANNISAN SEEMED OBLIVIOUS TO THEM, INTENT ON THE BATTLE, HIS GUN HAMMERED ENDLESSLY AS THE SHOME BEINGS WREAKED THEIR DESTRUCTION... ALL THE WHILE, ENEMY FIRE STRAFING US CONSTANTLY!



IN A WILD LOOP TO OVERTAKE A FLEEING RUMPLER, SEVERAL OF THE CREATURES WERE DELOADED... BUT SCARCELY ENOUGH TO MATTER... FOR COUNTLESS OTHERS CONTINUED TO REAP THE PLANE TIRELESSLY...



...I TRIED TO PUNGE ANY OF THOSE CREATURES WITHIN MY REACH, WHILE I COULD ONLY WATCH IN HORROR THOSE WHICH WERE NOT!



AND THEN, TO MY UTTER TERROR, MORE OF THE THINGS BEGAN EMERGING, RUSSER-OUR LITTLE DEVILS WITH FANGS, CLAWS AND GLEaming RED EYES!

I KNEW WE WERE DOOMED AND STANDING KNEE-DEEP IN HELL!



I WAS FROZEN IN PLACE AS THE DEVILS CLAMORED ABOUT ME, CLAWING FURIOUSLY, SCAMPERING WILDLY TO REACH THE BRON DEPENDS WHO HAD EMERGED BEFORE. OUT OF THE CORNER OF ONE EYE, I SAW BRANNAN SMILE SEVERAL OF THE MONSTROSITIES OFF HIS GUNMOUNTS... THEN CONTINUE, AS IF THEY HAD NEVER SEEN THERE, TO BLAST BRICK BILLY AT THE BOOKS.

SUDDENLY OFF TO ANOTHER SIDE, I SAW... FEEL MOVEMENT, A HENNE RUMBLE, GUNS BLAZING STRAIGHT FOR US...



...AND I REALIZED I HAD BEEN LAX. MY OWN GUNS HAD BEEN IDLE AS I WATCHED THE MAD MALLUCINATION ABOUT ME!



THE GERMAN FLYER'S GUNS DRONED DEAFENINGLY. A VOLLEY CRASHED THROUGH OUR SHIP... ENDING WITH A BITING PAIN IN MY SHOULDER.



AS HE SCREAMED OVER AND PAST US, I RIDDLED HIS UNDERBELLY AND SCREAMED JOYOUSLY AS HIS FUEL LINES BURST INTO FLAMES!



THE SHRAPNEL EXPLODED TWAIN-O-MISSLY, ALMOST KNOCKING OUR BRISTOL OUT OF THE AIR.



AS I WATCHED WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE ENEMY CRAFT FLY LIKE SO MANY CANDORS OUT OF THE SKY, I COULD HAVE SWORN THAT I SAW SEVERAL OF THE TINY MONSTROSITIES WANDER THE DEBRIS...

MY SHOULDER AND MY FLIGHT JACKET WERE
DRENCHED IN BLOOD. MY SENSES WOVVERLED
DUZZY. VIGILANTLY, I SENGED AN EXPLOSION
AHEAD OF US ... AND I KNEW BRANNISMAN HAD
MAILED HIS ROCKS.



YET, ALL ABOUT ME, I BECAME AWARE OF ANOTHER BATTLE.
A SILENT, DREAK-LIKE WAR... WHITE DEMONS AGAINST
NIGHTSHADE DEVILS.



THE FREE ... OUR BRISTOL.

THROUGH A HAZE, I SAW BRANNISMAN
TURN TO ME. HE SAW THAT I WAS SAVED.
ANGRY, HE MUST HAVE BEEN, TOO, THAT
IT WAS NOT A SERIOUS WOUND, FOR HE
SMILED. I KNOWING, PATHELY
SMILE, AS IF IN RECOGNITION
FOR A JOB WELL-DONE.



WE MUST HAVE HEADED
HOME THEN. I CANNOT
REMEMBER FOR THE
PAIN FROM MY "NOT-
TOO-SERIOUS" WOUND,
BINGLED ME IN A DARK
STUPOR.



THE LAST THING I REMEMBERED WAS
THE FRENZY OF BATTLE, DEVIL AGAINST
DEVIL. AND I THOUGHT TO MYSELF
HOW WILLY IT WOULD BE FOR A GOOD
MAN TO BE HALUCINATING ABOUT
CREATURES FROM HELL!



WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, SCANDIAN WAS BEFORE ME, SLATTERY LYNCH AND BRADY WERE THERE, TOO, DRINKING, SMILING, LAUGHING.

HEY, Y'GUMMERS... THE ACE IS AWAKE!

DIDJA SEE HIS KILL TODAY? DAMNED IF IT WASN'T THE FINEST SHOOTIN' I'VE SEEN SINCE BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST SHOW!

GOOD GONS, ACE! FIRST TIME OUT AND YOU GET A RUMPLER!

THAT BENSSE OUR TOTAL TO SHIP FOR THE DAY, ONE FOR EACH OF US... AND ONE FOR THE GREMLINS!

IF THIS RATE, WE'LL BE AS NAUGHT AS FLYING CIRCUIT BOARDS OF A WEEK!

G-GREMLINS? W-WHO... WHAT IS A GREMLIN?

YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW? YOU DON'T SEE THE GREMLINS, BOY?

HE SAW!
THEY NEARLY SCARED HIM OUT OF THE BRISTOL.

HA! HA!
YEP! HE SAW THEM... HE JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE!

JUST LIKE YOU... JUST LIKE ME... JUST LIKE ALL OF US ON OUR FIRST MISSION!

OR HAD YOU FORGOTTEN WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE GREEN?

GREMLINS ARE THE LITTLE PEOPLE, BOY! YOU CAN CALL THEM ANYTHING YOU WANT... DEVILS, DEMONS, GHOVES OR SPIRITS.

FACT IS, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY ARE! OR FOR THAT MATTER, WHY THEY ARE!

"ALL WE KNOW FOR SURE IS THAT THEY EXIST, AND A LOT OF PILOTS DON'T EVEN ACKNOWLEDGE THAT!"

"THEY ARE THE AIRMAN'S SCOURGE... THE FLYER'S BOOM. THEY'LL TEAR YOUR PLANE INTO COMETTI... OR THEY'LL HOLD IT TOGETHER LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO REACH HOME AND SAFETY!"



"NO ONE CAN EXPLAIN THEM, OR TELL YOU WHY THEY'RE HERE. ONCE WHEN BRANNAN SHOOTING OTHER MEN FROM THE SKY... THEY WERE JUST *THERE!*"



"EACH SIDE... ALLIED AND AXIS APPEARS TO HAVE THEIR OWN HORDE OF GRENLINGS... READY TO SARGE... BEING DOWN THE OTHER SIDE'S PLANE NMP-HR!"

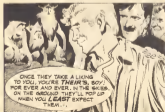
"THERE'S GOOD GRENLINGS, AND BAD GRENLINGS. BOTH JUST START CRAWLING OUT OF YOUR BEST WOODWORK!"
"WHEN THE BAD GRENLINGS GET YOU, YOUR ONLY HOPE IS TO KEEP ON FIGHTING... AND TAKE AS MANY OF YOUR ENEMY WITH YOU, AS YOU CAN!"



"AND WHEN THE GOOD GRENLINGS TAKE A LIKING TO YOU... WELL, THERE'S JUST NO GETTING RID OF THEM!"



"THEY'LL FOLLOW YOU INTO THE SKIES... AND LIKE AN OVEN OF GOOD LUCK, THERE AIN'T NOTHING THAT CAN SHOOT YOU DOWN, SHORT OF THE FINISER OF GOD... AND THEN, EVEN HE WILL HAVE TO GET BY YOUR GRENLINGS."



"ONCE THEY TAKE A LIKING TO YOU, YOU'RE *THERE'S*, BOY! FOR EVER AND EVER. IN THE SKIES ON THE GROUND THEY'LL POP UP WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT THEM..."



"...THEY'LL BE THERE TO *CARRAM* YOUR LIFE!"

"Y'KNOW, BOY... BRANNAN HERE HAS HAD HIS GRENLING SINCE THE DAY HE WAS 455-NAMED HERE."

"NOW IT LOOKS LIKE BRANNAN'S GRENLING HAVE TAKEN A LIKING TO YOU, ACE!"

"WE HOPE YOU AND HIS AND YOUR GRENLINGS ARE GONNA ALL BE VERY HAPPY TOGETHER! HA/HA/ HA/HA!"

I NEVER REALLY **KNEW** IF BRADY, SLATTERY AND LYNCH TRULY BELIEVED IN BRANNISAN'S GREALINS.



THEY JOKED ABOUT IT, TREATED THE SUBJECT LIGHTLY, YET, THAT IS THE KIND OF MEN THEY WERE. FUN-LOVING, JOYAL. I'M SURE THEY **WOULD** HAVE SEEN THE GREALINS AT LEAST **ONCE**.

YET... EACH OF THEM WERE **KILLED**! BRADY, SLATTERY, LYNCH. EACH WAS DOWNED BY AN **ENEMY FLYER**!



ONLY BRANNISAN AND MYSELF LIVED TO SEE THE END OF THE "WAR TO END ALL WARS." ONLY WE HAD THE "CHARMED" LIVES.

ONLY **WE** HAD OUR OWN BELOVED GREALINS EVER WITH US! WHEN WE RETURNED HOME, WE WOULD EVERY NOW AND THEN, CATCH A GLIMPSE OF A TINY HEAD PEERING OUT OF A COOKE JAR... DASHING QUICKLY BEHIND A BOOKCASE OR A GRANDFATHER CLOCK.



THERE WERE OTHER PILOTS WHO SURVIVED THAT FIRST GREAT WAR... SOME TALKED ABOUT THEIR CHARMED LIVES... SOME TOLD OF THEIR LITTLE PROTECTIVE FRIENDS... BUT **MOST** JUST KEPT **QUIET** ABOUT IT ALL.



YEARS LATER THERE WAS **ANOTHER** WAR. AGAIN, "THE WAR TO END ALL WARS." AGAIN... THE GREAT WAR ... CHAPTER TWO!



THERE WAS **MORE** TALK OF GREALINS THEN, SOME BELIEVED, SOME DIDN'T. I **THINK** IT DIDN'T REALLY **MATTER** AT ALL!



FOR AT LEAST **TWO** OF US KNEW THE TRUTH. BRANNISAN AND ME. AND NOW, BRANNISAN'S LITTLE PEOPLE WERE DOWN IN THAT GRAVE **WITH** HIM... AND, I SUSPECT, **HAPPY** AT BEING THERE!

MY TURN WILL COME SOON, I KNOW, AND WHEN IT DOES... I, TOO, WILL BE **HAPPY** GOING IN THAT COFFIN **WITH** HE!



AND I'LL BE **THANKING** THEM FOR A LONG, **HAPPY**, **CHARMED** LIFE!

THE COMIC BOOKS

By Joe Brancatelli

Here are some depressing facts for you to think about before you go back to reading your overpriced, underwritten Warren magazine.

When National Comics publisher and president Carmine Infantino was abruptly dismissed earlier this year, the corporate bigwig at Warner Communications, the conglomerate which owns National, decided it needed new blood. After all, National was in its worst sales slump in many years and prospects were not good for immediate improvement.

They chosen one for new blood as president, the key motorcycle position? None other than Sol Harrison.

For those of you unfamiliar with ancient comic-book history, Harrison has literally been around since the beginning of time, having worked on the earliest comic books ever published. As far as anyone can tell, his first move after taking over as president was to telephone key National personnel and assure them that things would continue to be the same under his reign.

Over at Marvel Comics, Mr. One-Note himself, publisher Stan Lee, who has been with Marvel since 1939, went looking for a new editor after the occasionally talented Mary Wolfman's term ended. Mr. One-Note, who hasn't generated an original idea since he set upon his now-famous "superhero-with-problems" concept in 1961, decided he needed someone new to help Marvel out of its sales and quality decline.

His choice for new boy wonder at the nicknamed "House of Ideas"? Roy Thomas.

For those of you unfamiliar with recent comic-book history, Thomas served a totally forgettable stint as editor from 1972 to 1974, has spent the better portion of the last five years adapting other writers' stories, and once revealed that the only thing he was ever interested in writing was funny books.

*Joe Brancatelli, a long-time comic-book and concert fan and writer, is a reporter and editor of **Freaky!id** Publications, the nation's largest chain of business publications. He has also contributed to many of the nation's leading magazines and newspapers and wrote the comic-book entries for the recently-published **WORLD'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF COMICS**. His first book **SAD SONGS AND BAR TALK** a collection of 86 essays about street life in New York City, will be published next year.*

Things being what they are, however, Thomas changed his mind and Mr. One-Note was left without an editor again. His second choice for new Marvel Messiah? Gerry Conway.

For those of you unfamiliar with talented comic-book writers, the young Mr. Conway has made a career of bouncing back and forth between National and Marvel, impressing to one anywhere.

So much for new blood at Marvel. If Duffley's resignation as Warren has left what many industry heavies believe is a rather large gap in the always shoe-string-sized Warren organization, I am not privy to Warren corporate secrets despite this column, but, as of the first week of March, no editor had yet been chosen. The betting is, however, that the eventual successor to Duffley will be pulled from the already thin ranks of the comic-book business.

Now believe me, I'm all for tradition and recycling the same old tropes—when it serves a purpose and when an industry can afford it. But the comic-book business is presently suffering through one hell of a sales and creative nosedive.

Sales haven't been as poor since Estes Kefauver and his Senatorial god-son boys were conducting their rationally televised hearing into alleged links between comics and crime back in the 1950s.

Creatively, the comic books, never quite the cultural font some would have us believe, are as stagnant as ever. It looks like we may be in for another round of 1940s superheroes or, worse still, another round of 1950s B.E.M.s from every corner of the galaxy. And it's hardly uplifting when the two most sociolined titles of the year are Warren's **THE SPIRIT** and Marvel's **HOWARD THE DUCK**. That one is merely a series of reprints from the 1940s and the other is a badly-updated and name version of Donald Duck does not bode well for the creative business.

Should you need some very hard facts and figures to convince you about the very hard times the comic-book industry has fallen upon of late, let me offer this little depressing tidbit of mathematics. According to the best calculations I could compile from Ponal Service records, the Audit Bureau of Circulation (ABC) notices and a series of conversations with many of the nation's leading independent magazine distributors, comic-book sales are down about 30 per cent during the last six-to-12 months. And they're getting worse.

My records show comic sales down about 50 per cent, one half, since last

July," said an executive of the nation's leading independent distributor of comic books.

His gloomy assessment of the comic-book business is shared by most of the independent distributors. They're unhappy with the comic-book business already—they don't make much money even when comics are selling. Most of them plainly indicate they're not about to keep concentrating on comic books if sales continue to drop.

And, dear fans, without the independent distributors, there are no comic books. None. Good-bye. Pack it in and blow away.

There are, of course, any number of reasons for the comic-book sales decline. The creative people aren't free to produce material in tune with the times, the distribution channels are stacked against the successful merchandising of comic books, and the economy is still being fickle with any low-priced high-volume item like comics.

More than anything, however, the decline in sales must be tied to the decline in quality of the books. Comic magazines simply aren't as well written and drawn as they have been. And that's not saying much—they were never all that good to begin with. What to do?

Short of junking the whole system and firing nine of every 10 people who purport to write and draw and edit comics as a profession—probably the most logical solution, by the way—not a whole lot.

But some things can be done, and, as this column progresses, I'll be presenting some ideas. I'll also be discussing some of comics' weaker points, their most blatant shortcomings and I'll also be feeding you some information about the business: more comic maggie would prefer you wouldn't know.

James Warren, the publisher and all-around big kahuna of Warren Publishing, has promised that this column will be an uncensored, open forum, so his operations will be getting the same scrutiny as Marvel or National or Gold Key or Charlton.

More than anything, however, this column should be a forum for you. The average reader who just happens to pick up the tab, and, in the long run, makes the final decisions.

So here's your chance to get involved with the business. Tell me what's on your mind and I'll do my best to convey it here along with everything else. The address is Joe Brancatelli, The Comic Books, c/o Warren Publishing Co., 145 East 32nd Street, New York, New York 10016.

MY TALE IS NOT UNCOMMON ROSE
LESS IT IS ONE YOU HAVE HEARD BEFORE
...IN NARRED FORMS WITH UNFLAWED
PREDICTABILITY

IT SPEAKS OF LIFE AND DEATH,
OF HATE AND VENGEANCE AND
MAN'S INHUMANITY TO THOSE HE LOVES
#057

I HAVE LIVED MY TALE AGAIN AND
AGAIN IN REPEATED NARRATION TO THE
SQUIRRELS, THE ROBINS AND THE FOR
GET BIRDS



THEY ARE ALL THAT REMAIN,
LENDING COURTEOUS EAR TO A
BROKEN, BARRERED, SHADOW OF
A MAN.

WINGS OF VENGEANCE!

THE BIRDS LISTEN BEST. THEY SMILE AND
CHIRP AT EACH NEW TELLING OF MY STORY.
FOR THEY PEACEABLE, CHEERFUL, MOST BRAVE
AND INNOCENT OF NATURE'S CREATIONS,
CANNOT UNDERSTAND MY HATE, WITH ALL
THEIR ABILITY ALL THEIR INTELLIGENCE ALWAYS
ASPIRE TO NON-VIOLENT SAVAGERY.



STORY: BILL DUBAY AND ESTEBAN MAROTO / ART: ESTEBAN MAROTO

MY TALE IS A NIGHTMARE, **AWAKENING** DARK-
SOME NIGHTS, **SNOWDROWING** SEASONS LIVE.
I RELATE IT OVER AND OVER BECAUSE I CANNOT
FORGET. I CANNOT **ESCAPE** THE DARK,
OBSESSIVE **HUNT**.



I TELL MY **HOPE** TO THE FOREST'S CREATURES FOR TO
THEM ALONE AM I ALLOWED TO SPEAK. I HAVE NOT
CONVERSED WITH A **MAN** SINCE I WAS BANISHED FROM
MY FATHER'S **FEYDOM**, **ERE** SO LONG **AGO**.

AND YET, IF PUNISHMENT FOR MY CRIME
WERE **SIMPLE** **QUARANTINEMENT**, MY **TUM-
ULTUOUS** MEMORIES MIGHT **QUELL** AND
QUENY AS A **GENTLE** ROBERT BROOK.



INSTEAD, MY GUILT **RAGES** LIKE A THUM-
BEROUS **STORM**, AND I AM MADE CEASE-
LESSLY **BESIFT** BY THE **DEATH** OF ONE SO
INNOCENT AND **FAIR**.



YOU ASK HOW
THE **SITES** **ACCURSED**
ME SO, FRIEND
SPARROW?



LISTEN THEN,
AND I WILL TELL
YOU **ALL** ... OF A
LOVE UNBLEMISHED
AND OF BETRAYAL
MOST **FOUL**...



BUT FORGIVE
ME IF I DO NOT
FINISH MY
TALE, LITTLE
CREND'S ...

... FOR OFTEN, THE
SIGHT OF HER ... MY
LOVE MOST TRUE, TRAD-
ING SOFTLY THROUGH THE
SHADOWS OF MY DREAMS,
IS MORE THAN I CAN
BEAR.



ONCE, I WAS A
HANDSOME MAN SOME
 SAID MY EYES WERE THE
 COLOR OF THE HEAVENS ON
 A WONDERFUL SUMMERS
 DAY.

OTHERS CLAIMED
 MY FEATURES TOO FAIR
 AND FLAWLESS... **ORPHANLY**
 FOR THE SON OF A
 FEUDAL BARRON.

MY FATHER, A PROUD, NOBLE
 LEADER HAD JUST **RETURNED**
 FROM BATTLE WITH THE LORDS OF
 A NEIGHBORING FEUD, AS ALWAYS,
 THE OWNERSHIP OF **LANDS** HAD
 BEEN IN DISPUTE, AND, AS EVER, MY
 FATHER RETURNED **VICTORIOUS**...
 HIS KINGDOM DOUBLED IN SIZE.

WELCOME,
 FATHER. IT'S
 GOOD TO SEE YOU
 HOME AND WELL.

IF NOT FOR
 OHAR, I AM **NEVER**
 HAVE RETURNED,
 MY SON.

HIS SHARP EYE AND
 SKILLED BLADE **SAVED**
 ME FROM THE GRABS OF
 THREE **HUNTEROUS**
 BARBARIANS.

IT'S WELL
 YOU HAD OHAR
 AT YOUR SIDE,
 FATHER.

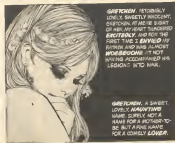
RATHER **MY SON**
 HAD BEEN THERE IN HIS
 STEAD. BUT MY SON
 PREFERS THE COMPANY
 OF **BIRDS** TO
MEN.

YOU AND I
 ARE **DIFFERENT**,
 FATHER. BUT **NEVER**
 WILL THAT EFFECT
 MY **LOVE** FOR YOU.



COME! SEE THE
SPOILS THAT NIGHT
 HAVE BEEN YOURS. HAD
 YOU ACCOMPANIED YOUR
 FATHER INTO BATTLE.

THIS IS OUR
GRETCHEN, A PRIZE
 FROM THE DEBATED
 DUKY SOON, I WILL
 TAKE HER FOR MY
WIFE.



GRIFFON, RETIREDLY
 LOVELY, SWEETLY INNOCENT,
 GRETCHEN AT THE SIGHT
 OF HIM, MY HEART THROBBERD
EXCITEDLY, AND FOR THE
 FIRST TIME I **ENVYED** MY
 FATHER AND WAS ALMOST
WORTHLESS... IT NOT
 HAVING ACCOMPANIED HIS
 LEGION INTO WAR.

GRETCHEN, A SWEET,
 LOVELY, **UNWITTING**
 NAME, SURELY NOT A
 NAME FOR A **WORTHY** TO
 BE. BUT A FINE NAME
 FOR A **COMELY** LOVER.



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED MY FATHER TENDED TO DUTIES LONG-NEGLECTED THAT GRETCHEN WAS ALLOWED FREEDOM TO EXPLORE THE FERAL LANDS OVER WHICH SHE WOULD SOON BE BARONNESS.



I KNEW MY FATHER WANTED TO TAKE GRETCHEN FOR HIS WIFE, HE HAD NOT EVEN THE COURTESY OF A WOMAN SHE'D THE DREAD FEVER CLAIMED BY MOTHERHEIM, WHILE YET I WAS A BOY.

I HAD NO WISH TO BETRAY... TO HURT MY BELoved FATHER, AND YET, I COULD NOT STOP MYSELF FROM PERSUADING HIS LOVELY GRETCHEN IN TO OUR SHELTERING DEAR GARDEN.



TAKING CARE NOT TO BE SEEN, I WATCHED IN SLIGHT ADMIRATION AS BEAUTIFUL GRETCHEN PRANCED UNABASHEDLY IN THE WONDERFUL SPRING SUN, BLOOMING LIKE A FLOWER FAIR WITH HAPPINESS AND LOVE.

I YEARNED TO RUN TO HER, EMBRACE HER LITHE, POETIC BEAUTY, AND TELL HER HOW THE STARS, THE MOON AND THE HEAVENS HAD BECOME MORE RADIANT SINCE FIRST MY EYES RESTED UPON HER RESPLENDENT FORM.



YET, I RESTRAINED MY URGES AND TRIED TO SUPPRESS EMOTIONS MOST DARK, FOR I KNEW THAT WHAT I FELT COULD NEVER BE.

AS I WATCHED AND ADMIRERD OF FEELINGS I COULD NOT CONTROL, I NOTICED IN GRETCHEN'S EYES A SHAD-OWNESS THAT SHOULD NOT HAVE BE- SHADOWED ONE SO BEAUTIFUL AND FAIR.



WONDERFULLY, GRATEFULLY, I REASSUMED MY PLACE OF COVER AND WENT TO HER, TO CONSOLE HER DOLEFUL SORROWS.

SHE WILLOWED MY ARMS EAGERLY, AND RELATED HER CONTEMPT FOR THE MAN WHO HAD SLAIN HER SIRE, STOLEN HER FROM THE ONLY HOME SHE HAD KNOWN, AND HOW HAD FORCED HER INTO UNWANTED MARRIAGE.



TO SHARE A BED WITH THE MAN WHO HAD MURDERED HER FATHER, WHO DRAGONED AND TERRIBUS.

GRETCHEN TREMBLED AS SHE TOLD OF THE HORRORS SHE HAD ENDURED AT THE HANDS OF MY FATHER, SHE SENSED IN ME A TRUSTED ALLY, EVER PRESENT WITH A SYMPATHETIC EAR... AN UNDERSTANDING SMILE.



I DARED NOT TELL HER MY FEELINGS WERE MORE THAN SYMPATHY.

THE SUN'S BRIGHTNESS HANDED
AS I WITNESSED MY LOVE'S PEARL
TEARS. I WANTED OBSESSIVELY
TO STEAL HER AWAY... TO SAVE
HER FROM THE ADMIRERS OF
HER FAITS.

AND YET I WAS TOO
COMRADELY TO
STAND AGAINST MY
SHE. THAT, ON
TRULY DID I LOVE
HIM AND WISHED NOT
TO BETRAY HIM.



DELICATE GRETCHEN
PRESSED SWEET LIPS
TO MINE IN SIMPLE
AFFECTION...
APPRECIATION,
FOR MY EAR.

YET TO ME, IT WAS A NEW DAWN, BURST UPON
THE LONELINESS OF NIGHT.



SUDDENLY, TO HORROR, MY FATHER
SPRANG FROM THE DENSE WOODED GROVE,
AT THE HEAD OF SIX ARMED WARRIORS.



SO! THE SON
LUSTS FOR HIS
MOTHER-TO-BE!

FATHER! NO!
IT'S NOT WHAT
YOU THINK!

I CAN SEE
WHAT IT IS, MY
PRETTY FACE BOY!
I TRUST TO WAR
YOU'LL CLAIM THE
SPOILS



MY BETROTHED!
PLEASE! THERE
IS NOTHING
BETWEEN THE
YOUTH AND I

I REMAIN
UNSPOLED, MY
LIGGE, I HAVE
SAVED MYSELF
FOR OUR WEDDING
NIGHT



THERE WILL BE
NO NEEDING
FOR YOU WHICH

TAKE THEM
TO THE
HEADMAN!



FATHER!
YOU CAN'T!

SEEDS MY FUTURE UNBODLED
ARISE, I FEARED FOR POOR
GRETCHEN'S LIFE. I FELT, TOO,
THAT MY ONLY FATE WOULD NOT
BE PLEASANT.



AND YET I UNDERSTOOD THE
CAUSE OF MY DAD'S DANGER, PERHAPS
BECAUSE OF MY DEEP LOVE FOR HIM,
I SARRAGED HIS HURT... AND WANTED
ONLY TO RELIEVE HIM OF HIS PAIN.

I KNEW MY FATHER TO BE A **WILD** MAN, **SPORING**, **COLD** AND **OFTEN** **DEUL**. **YET**, **NEVER** **BEFORE** **HAD** I **WITNESSED** **THE** **BOARDS** **OF** **HIS** **TRUCULENCE**. **WITH** **ME**, **HIS** **BELOVED** **SON**, **HE** **HAD** **ALWAYS** **CURBED** **HIS** **TONGUE**. **CHECKED** **HIS** **TONGUE**.

SO YOU ARE **UNSPORING**, **MY** **FATHER**, **GRETCHEN?**

HA! HA! **HA!** **NOT** **FOR** **LONG!**

MY **SKIN** **WELTED** **AND** **WINCED** **AT** **EACH** **DEADLY** **BLOW** **OF** **THE** **HEADSMAN'S** **METAL** **TIPPED** **WHIP**. **IT** **TORSE**, **WITH** **EACH** **HIDEOUS** **CRACK**, **A** **BOUGE** **OF** **FLESH** **FROM** **VIRTUOUS** **GRETCHEN'S** **BACK**.

STILL, **SHE** **CLUNG** **DISPERATELY** **TO** **LIFE**, **NEVER** **CRYING** **OUT**, **BLEAFLY** **PRAYING** **THAT** **MY** **FATHER** **WOULD** **CHANGESTAND** **AND** **FORGIVE**...

PLEASE

HE DID NOT!

INSTEAD, **HE** **ORDERED** **THE** **HEADSMAN** **TO** **SEAL** **HER** **VIRTUES** **WITH** **THE** **WHITE** **NOTARION**. **I** **SCREAMED** **IN** **HORROR** **AS** **MY** **LOVE'S** **FLESH** **CHARCOLED**, **BURNED** **AND** **EXITTED** **THE** **SOUL** **STOVCH** **OF** **SEULITY**.

SHE **DID** **NOT** **CRY** **EVEN** **AS** **SHE** **ENTERED** **UNTO** **THE** **GATES** **OF** **ETERITY**.

No Good!

THIS, **IN** **UNCONTROLLABLE** **RAGE**, **MY** **FATHER** **TOOK** **HIS** **SHOVD** **AND** **FLALED** **IT** **MERCILESSLY** **ABOUT** **MY** **FACE**.

YET **NOW** **MY** **FATHER** **FORCED** **HE** **TO** **WATCH** **AS** **HIS** **MERCHANDISE** **STRIPPED** **MY** **GRETCHEN** **OF** **HER** **CLAYS**, **AND** **BOND** **HER** **WITH** **THEIR** **LAUGHING**, **LEDERIOUS** **TEARS**.

AGAIN, **AGAIN**, **HE** **STRUCK**... **AND** **I** **PRAYED** **HE** **WOULD** **NOT** **CEASE**...

UNTIL **I** **JOINED** **MY** **GRETCHEN** **IN** **THE** **PLACEABLE** **SLEEP** **HEREAFTER**.

BLOOD **SPILLED** **FROM** **A** **SAPING** **NOSE** **WHERE** **ONCE** **MY** **NOSE** **HAD** **BEEN**. **FIRSTONE** **EYE**, **THEN** **THE** **OTHER**, **WAS** **RIPPED** **FROM** **ITS** **SOCKET** **TREIN**, **BARED** **BY** **A** **WINDING** **LIP** **SPUMTERED** **WITH** **EACH** **SUCCESSIVE** **BLOW**.

NOT UNTIL MY FACE WAS RENDERED A FORMLESS, BLOODED MASS OF GORE, WAS MY FATHER'S RAGE ABATED

YOUR PRETTY
FEATURES WILL NEVER
AGAIN CONCEAL YOUR
SOUL MOST FOUL.

LET ALL THOSE
WHO LOOK UPON YOU KNOW
THAT YOU ARE AS WILE,
AS SPOILED AS
YOUR FACE!

MY SIRE LEFT US THEN, AT
LONE IN THE DARKSOME
DUNGEON SWELLING OF DEATH
AND HATE.

SCARRED, DISFIGURED BLINDED
THOUGH I WAS, MY THOUGHTS
FLOODED WITH CONCERN FOR
TOO BORN GRETCHEN.

SOMEHOW, I FOUND HER STILLED,
VULNERABLE FORM IN THE DARKNESS.

DELICATELY I PULLED HER TO MY
SARSAF, FREED HER GENTLE, INMATE,
AND HER LAST THREE-THOED TRICKLES
OF BLOOD.

I EMBRACED HER LOW
AND CLOSE, AS HUMB WITH
INSANITY, I FELT HER GRILL,
LADENING HARMFUL SLOWLY
SUGGESTED TO COLD, IICY
STIFFNESS.

AFTER A TIME, THEY CAME FOR ME... TO LEAD ME AWAY... TO EXPEL ME
FOREVER FROM MY FATHER'S KINGDOM... MY HOME.

THOSE WHO GUIDED ME TO THE FOREST, SPoke BUT BRIEFLY, AND IT WAS THE
LAST TIME I WAS EVER TO HEAR THE MUSIC OF A HUMAN VOICE.

LET NO MAN SEE
YOU... NO MAN SPEAK
WITH YOU, FOR IF IT COMES
TO PASS, SURELY YOUR
FATHER WILL PUT THAT
MAN TO DEATH.

AND WHEN I WAS
ALONE WITH
NIGHT'S BUT DARK-
NESS AND A SUNNY
FOREST FOR COM-
PARISON... I DIED
AGAIN... NOT FOR
MYSELF... NOT
FOR MY FUTURE
WHO HAD BEEN SO
TRAGICALLY
WRONGED...!

MY TEARS WERE
FOR MY LOVE NOW
LOST... GENTLE,
INNOCENT
GRETCHEN.

STITCHED TOGETHER
GRIEVEN'S NIGHTMARE
WAS HIS **WANTED**
THE DIGNITY OF MY
DREAMS ... CLING LIKE A
TALONED BEAST UPON
MY BACK... HONORED
MY DARK DAYS EVEN
BLACKER.

I COULD NO MORE **FOR-
GET** MY BELOVED'S
HORRIBLE **DEATH** THAN
COULD I THE **LOWE** YET
LINGERING WITHIN MY
SOUL...

...**LOVE FOR HER...**
THE FABLEST, DEVILEST
CREATURE OF ALL...



AND NOW, EVEN NOW... I
REPEAT MY STORY
DAILY TO THE ONLY EARS
THAT WILL LISTEN

I **BELIEVE** MY TALE SO
THAT ONCE ASIAN GRIEVEN
MIGHT **LIVE...** AND LIGHT
THE BLACKNESS OF MY LIFE



SOMEHOW, SOMEHOW, I
KNOW MY **WINGED** **COMP-
ANIONS** HAVE UNDER-
STOOD MY PAIN BEST. PER-
HAPS THEY, ABOVE ALL
OTHER CREATURES, UNDER-
STAND **LOWE** AND THE
DELAUCIOUS WORLD IT
ENHANCES.

I SENSE SOMETHING **AWAKE**
IN MY FRIENDS ON WING... AN
ALMOST **UNNATURAL** **Y**
FEELING. I CANNOT ESCAPE
THE BELIEF THAT SOMEBODY
IF THEY HAD THE **POWER**,
MY FLEET, SOARING **COM-
PANIONS** WOULD **RIGHTLY**
THE INJUSTICE THAT HAS
BEEN COMMITTED.



THEY ARE SENSITIVE
CREATURES, DEEPLY
AFFECTED BY SENSELESS
SUFFERING. YET TOO THEY
HAVE AN INNER STRENGTH
UNEXPECTED IN CREATURES
SO DELICATE



YET THEY CANNOT TRULY UNDERSTAND
MY WORDS OR THE HORRORS I ALLUDE
TO THEM ONLY, IF THEY COULD MY SOUL
WOULD CHILL AT THE THOUGHT OF
THEIR IGNORANCE



PERHAPS
IT IS WELL
THEY CAN-
NOT COMP-
REHEND THE
SUFFERING OF MEN!

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The apes are shown in a dramatic scene. See their journey to the end of the world.

BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES
The final battle between man and ape is shown in a dramatic scene. See the end of the world.

SOMETHING... SOME
SMTH SENSE... NARRED
HIM THAT HE WAS IN THE
LINE OF FIRE...



...EVEN AS THE LASER SCORCHED THE
SMTH BESIDE HIM.

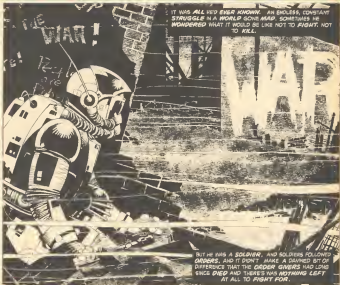


BUT HE WAS A SOLDIER... COMBAT
TRAINED, AND THIS WAS WAR.

SUCKING PURE, FILTERED AIR THROUGH
CLINCHED TEETH HE METHODICALLY SEARCHED
THE SURROUNDING BLINDS FOR HIS WOULD-BE
KILLER.



IT WAS ALL HE'D EVER KNOWN. AN ENDLESS, CONSTANT
STRUGGLE IN A WORLD SOME MAD, SOMETIMES HE
WONDERED WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE NOT TO FIGHT, NOT
TO KILL.



BUT HE WAS A SOLDIER, AND SOLDIERS FOLLOWED
ORDERS, AND IT DIDN'T MAKE A DAMNED BIT OF
DIFFERENCE THAT THE ORDER GIVERS HAD LONG
SINCE DIED AND THERE'S WAS NOTHING LEFT
AT ALL TO FIGHT FOR.

GLORY WAS DEAD AND THE EARTH WAS DYING AND HE HAD A JOB TO DO...

...SEARCH AND DESTROY...

...KILL THE ENEMY...



...NOW THE MISSILE...

THE ANCIENT, DEEPS FILLED TENEAMENT WAS DARK, DARK AND SILENT, LIKE HIS WORLD.



HE SWITCHED ON INFRA-RED AND THE DARKNESS SHIFTED SUDDENLY TO PULL SCARLET, HE WONDERED IF THERE WERE ANY SCAVENGERS INSIDE.





MOST OF THEM HAD SURVIVED THE WAR... THE SUN-BRIGHT BRILLIANCE OF THE RUPTURING BOMBS... SLEEPING UNHOLY SLEEP IN COLD CASSETS HIDDEN IN DARK CORNERS OF THE WORLD.



THE SCAVENGER, THE UNDEAD...

...THE VAMPIRES.

THE MUTANT'S STRENGTH WAS AWESOME, YET HE STILL MANAGED TO RAISE HIS LASER... TO GROPE DESPERATELY FOR THE TRIGGER... TO--



AARRGGH!

THE SCAVENGER TASTED ABRAM OF DEATH...



...ARISE FROM DEAD WHITE SNOW TO DEAD WHITE BONE...



...AND EVENTUALLY TO DUST... SCATTERED BY THE RADIOACTIVE WINDS.



DUST.

ONLY THE WAR, IT HOULD SEEM, WAS TRULY ETERNAL.

DUST. THE WHOLE LOUSY WORLD WAS DUST, DUST AND RUBB. HE WONDERED DID ANYONE REALLY CARE ABOUT THE WAR ANYMORE.



HELL, I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER IF I'M THE GOOD GUY OF THE BAD!

MAYBE IF EVERYONE WOULD JUST PUT AWAY THEIR LASERS AND COMBAT BOMBS, THERE STILL MIGHT BE A CHANCE. MAYBE...

THERE HAD BEEN COUNTLESS YEARS OF WAR. OF CITIES GLUTTED WITH CONTAMINATION... OF LAND SCORCHED AND LIFELESS.



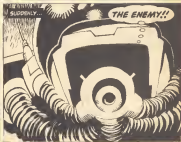
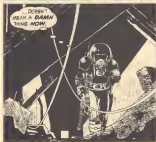
HE WONDERED HOW IT HAD COME TO THIS. BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY ANSWERS. HE WAS ONLY A SOLDIER. A KILLING MACHINE. AND HE WAS TIRED AS WELL...!



IT HAD BEEN AN APARTMENT BLDG. PEOPLE HAD LIVED THERE. LOVED THERE. NOW THERE WAS NOTHING. HE STEPPED BACK INTO THE HALLWAY...



...AND THE LASER CAUGHT HIM ACROSS HIS LEFT EYE!



THE ENEMY STOOD THERE, IN THE GLOOM AND THE DUST OF THE
MAGAZINE, FUMBLING WITH HIS LASER.



A DEAD DUCK, ANOTHER ANCIENT PHRASE.

OH, MAN,
MISSED.



HE HEARD THE BUMPY MOSS AS THE LASER
BUMBED HIS LEG.



BEFORE HE COULD
FIRE AGAIN THE
ENEMY FLED...



...AND THE WAR WENT ON.

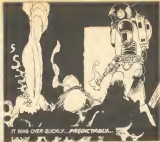






...DAMMIT,
NO! NO!

HE SCREAMED AS HE LEAPT TOWARD THE SCAVENGERS
AND HIS LASER WAS A DEADLY, BURNING SYCING.



IT WAS OVER QUICKLY... PREDICTABLY...



...AND HE STOOD LOOKING DOWN AT
THE WOMAN... THE SWEET, HE SAID
THE ANTRID AND THE FEAR IN HER
EYES...

...AND HE WONDERED... HOW MUCH WORSE
WAS HE THAN THE SCAVENGERS?



HE WANTED TO SPEAK, BUT WHAT
WOULD HE SAY?

THE WAR? THE DAMNED, CRAZY,
ENDLESS WAR, HE WONDERED
WHEN IT WOULD END, THE WAR...
THE KILLING?

HE RAISED HIS LASER UNTIL IT
POINTED SQUARELY BETWEEN HER
EYES... HER WIDE, BROWN EYES...



...AND THEN HE KNEW, WITHOUT
FRIEND, HE DROPPED HIS LASER
AND WALKED AWAY.

THE WAR WAS ENDED, AT LEAST
FOR NOW...



...ENDED AS HIS LASER RIPPED THROUGH HIS BODY.

CHHHHTTTT

ENDED AS HE STRIPPED
INTO HER BROWN ON-
COMPARING EYES FOR THE LAST
TIME.

ENDED FOR HIM THE ONLY WAY IT COULD END.



AGAIN AGAIN AGAIN,
THE MOST USELESS OF
ALL WARS.

AND HE WONDERED WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE, WITHOUT A
WAR TO FIGHT.

NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD BE THIS EASY TO KILL. DID YOU EDDY? NO, YOU ALWAYS IMAGINED THAT IT WOULD BE HARDER TO ACTUALLY TAKE THE RAZOR AND...



GOOD OF YOU TO STAY OPEN LATE, EDDY... JUST FOR ME!

NO PROBLEM, MR. TYSON, YOU'RE MY LAST CUSTOMER.

THE RAZOR FITS COMFORTABLY IN YOUR HAND, LIKE A PART OF YOU, AS YOU SLOWLY, CAREFULLY, MOVE IT TO A KEEN SHARPNESS.

HOW IT TO A KEEN SHARPNESS, AND YOU THINK, AS YOU OFTEN DO, HOW MUCH IT RESEMBLES A SCALPEL, AND HOW MUCH YOUR MOTHER WANTED YOU TO SUCCEED A DOCTOR. SHE HAD NEVER STOPPED WONDERING YOU, HAD SHE EDDY? NOW SHE IS DEAD AND YOU'RE FREE. FREE TO KILL AGAIN.



BUT SHE DIDN'T LAUGH AT YOU ANYMORE WHEN YOU PUSHED HER DOWN THE BARBER'S STAIRS, DID SHE EDDY? NOW SHE IS DEAD AND YOU'RE FREE. FREE TO KILL AGAIN.

... YOU ALMOST LAUGH OUT LOUD, YOU, EDDY, THE BORN LOSER, ALWAYS ONE STEP BEHIND, WELL YOU'LL SOON CHANGE THAT, WON'T YOU EDDY? SOON LINDA AND THE MONEY WILL BE YOURS, JUST LIKE YOU'VE PLANNED FOR SO LONG NOW.

YOU FEEL GOOD, DON'T YOU EDDY? GLAD THAT IT'S FINALLY ALMOST OVER, ALL THE LONG MONTHS OF PLANNING AND SCHEMING WITH LINDA, HIS WIFE, AND THE JOYFOUL, ARROGANT POOL, DOESN'T SUSPECT A THING!



DOESN'T SUSPECT THAT YOU, THE BORN LOSER, HAVE ALREADY TAKEN HIS "LOWING" WIFE... SEVERAL TIMES... AND WILL SOON TAKE HIS MOWS Y...

... AND HIS LIFE!



TIME IS NOW STILL, THE WORLD TURNS RED AND YOUR ARM IS NEARLY MOVING FROM THE FORCE OF THE BLOW, YOU NEARLY TOOK TYSON'S HEAD OFF.

TYSON LURCHES BACK IN THE BARBER CHAIR, THIN STIFFENS, BLOOD AND BREATH AWAY... RATTLING IN HIS THROAT AS HE DIES.

AND YOU THINK OF LINDA, TAY, BEAUTIFUL, DARK EYED, LONG LEGGED LINDA, GOD A MAN COULD LOVE HIMSELF TO HER... AND THE MONEY... A HUNDRED GRAND.

YOURS NOW, EDDY, YOURS, THE BORN LOSER.

YOU'VE GOT IT MADE.

YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES AND FORCE YOURSELF TO REMEMBER THE PLAN. THE TRUCK PARKED OUT BACK... LINDA WAITING WITH TYSON'S CAR... THE BROKEN BIKINI LINA...!

IT GROWS SUDDENLY HOT AND YOU DAB AT YOUR FACE WITH A TOWEL. YOUR HANDS ARE SHAKING AND THE ROOM SPINDS DIZZILY.



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GET RID OF THE...

... BODY.

TING TING



YOU JERK YOUR HEAD TOWARD THE DOOR OF YOUR SHOP AND YOU TREMBLE WORSE THAN OLD JAKE. THE TOWN DRUNK, WHO STANDS THERE LERCHING BACK AND FORTH, DIDN'T COUNT ON THIS, DID YOU EDDY? BETTER GET RID OF NA, QUICK!

O-OP'N KINDA LATE AN'TOHA, EDDY?



NO MATTER A FACT, I WAS JUST GLOBIN'! WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK TOMORROW. SURE, TOMORROW, JAKE, I...

NICE AN' C-COOL IN HERE, AN'T IT EDDY? MIND IF I GET A S'PELL AND CATCH MY BREATH, EDDY?



CALM. YOU TRY TO STAY CALM, BUT YOUR VOICE SCREAMS WITH A FRUSTRATED, HIGH-PITCHED RBBE.

MIND? DAVIN RIGHT I MIND! NOW GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE BEFORE I...



JAKE STANDS THERE, BLINKING DUMBLY AT YOUR SUDDEN RISE, AND THEN YOU HEAR IT, THE LAUGHTER, THE HELLISH LAUGHTER...



...BIBBING, AN LAUGHTER, A HISSING, HIGH PITCHED TITTLING THAT GROWS PAINTFULLY LOUDER...



YOU LOOK AT TYSON, LIMP AND BLOOD STAINED, AND YOUR HEAD POUNDED IN AGONY, THE LAUGHTER... IS IT POSSIBLE...?

THE LAUGHTER BUILDS, RIDING TOWARD AN EAR SPLITTING CRESCENDO. YOU TRY TO FIGHT IT, BUT IT HURTS, DOESN'T IT EDDY?

OH, GOD... STOP IT! STOP IT!



EDDY? WH'S A MATTER? YOU SHICK, PAL?



TYSON'S BODY HITS THE FLOOR WITH A DULL THUMP. THE LAUGHTER ENDS.

YOU ARE WEAK... DRAINED... UNABLE TO GET UP, TO EVEN SPEAK. SO YOU WATCH OLD JAKE'S EYES TRAVEL FIRST FROM THE CORPSE TO THE RAZOR IN YOUR HAND (WHEN DID YOU PICK IT BACK UP, YOU MONSTER) AND BACK AGAIN TO THE CORPSE.

OOOPS! SORRY 'BOUT THAT, PAL! I--



HIS MOUTH WORKS POISSHLY AS IF WANTING TO SPEAK AND WHEN HE FINALLY DOES IT IS A HOARSE, CHOKED WHISPER.



JAKE TURNS CLIMBLY AND STAGGERS TOWARDS THE DOOR. YOU HEAR HIM GASP. YOU CLENCH THE RAZOR TIGHTLY, KNOWING YOU CAN'T LET HIM ESCAPE... NOT AFTER WHAT HE'S SEEN. THE DAMNED, DRUNKEN POOL. YOU LURCH TO YOUR FEET, KNOWING YOU CAN CATCH HIM EASILY...



... AND YOU SLIP, SPRAWLING HEAVILY TO THE FLOOR.

BUT WHAT...?



... BLOOD...



BY THE TIME YOU REACH THE STREET JAKE IS DISAPPEARED.

DEMNIT! WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE?



BERSH...

WHAT IF OLD JAKE BRINGS HELP? BETTER MURK EDDY.



WISHING IN YOU SLAM THE DOOR SHUT BEHIND YOU, FLIP THE LOCK, AND PULL THE BLINDS SHUT. YOU LEAN HEAVILY, WEARILY, AGAINST THE DOOR.

YOU TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND TRY TO THINK. MAYBE, IF YOU HURRY THERE WILL BE LITTLE TIME. TIME TO GET RID OF TYDON'S BODY. JUST LIKE YOU'D PLANNED. TIME TO CATCH THAT FLIGHT WITH LAMDA. TIME TO LIVE. SURE. WHY NOT? WHO'D BELIEVE JAKE ANYWAY? SURE, WHO'D

THE LAUGHTER BEGINS AGAIN AND YOU...





POOR EDDY, THE LOBER,
NOW YOU'VE LOST EVERYTHING,
HAVEN'T YOU, EDDY?
EVEN YOUR MIND.



THEN YOU HEAR OTHER
SOUNDS, FOOTSTEPS,
RUMBLING THIS WAY, YOUR
EYES WIDEN IN FEAR,
BILE RISES STUBBLY IN
YOUR THROAT.

THEY'VE FOUND YOU,
PROBABLY THE POLICE.
NO TIME TO HIDE... OR
EVEN RUN...



... SO YOU WAIT, TETH CLINCHED,
YOUR SHAKKLED WHITE FINGERS
GRIPPING THE BLOOD STAINED
RAZOR AND THE FOOTSTEPS HALLY
OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR.



YOU HEAR A KEY SLIDE INTO THE
LOCK AND THE DOOR CLICKS OPEN,
AND YOU THINK OF LINDA AND THE
MONEY AND YOU THINK THERE
MIGHT STILL BE A CHANCE... IF
YOU'RE QUICK ENOUGH.





YOU TURN SLOWLY, FEELING THE RAZOR IN YOUR HAND. YOU LOOK ACROSS THE BARBER SHOP, AND YOU WANT TO CRY BUT YOU NEARLY LAUGH.



YOU STOP, FOR A SECOND, AND LOOK BACK AT... AT TYSON. YES, YOU REMEMBER HIM. AFTER ALL, YOU GAVE HIM A SHAVE...



... A CLOSE SHAVE. AND YOU'D ALMOST SWEAR HE IS STILL LAUGHING AT YOU, WOULDN'T YOU EDDY? LAUGHING AT THE LOSER.

"LET ME TELL YOU OF THE
TRENCHES, SIGFRIED. HOW
CAN YOU EVER KNOW OF
THE HORRORS...THE HISSY
THAT ROT'S MEN'S SOULS
IN THE TRENCHES.

"YOU... IN YOUR GLORIOUS
CRAFT THAT SLIDES SO
GRACIOUSLY THROUGH THE
SKIES... YOU DO NOT
KNOW OF WAR. YOU KNOW
ONLY OF GALLANTRY,
GLAMOUR AND GLORY.

"YOU TALK OF COMRADERY,
SIGFRIED...AND HOW IT
DOMINATES THE
AIRWAYS. YOU TALK
OF COMRADERY...OF
BROTHERHOOD IN ARMS.

"WOULD YOU STILL FEEL AMICABLE TOWARDS THE
ROTTING, STINKING BODY OF YOUR BROTHER
AFTER HIS CORPSE HAS LAIN FOR THREE DAYS
IN A SEWAGE-FILLED TRENCH... HIS FLESH
BLOATED BY AN ENEMY SHELL FRAGMENT...
SMELLING OF FOUL STOMACH JUICES AND THE
SECRETIONS OF DEATH?"

"AND HOW WOULD YOU FEEL,
SIGFRIED, IF YOUR DEAD BROTHER,
HIS CORPSE HUNGLED DECOMPOSING,
CREAKING WITH MAGGOT WORMS
AND BATS, SUDDENLY MOVED...
GRABBED YOUR ARM TO PULL
HIMSELF UP...AND WALKED
AWAY FROM THE TRENCHES?"

"DO I DETECT A NOTE OF SKEPTICISM, SIGFRIED? YOU DO NOT
THINK IT POSSIBLE FOR THE DEAD TO RISE UP... TO DEPART
THE FIELDS OF WAR?"

"WHO IS THERE TO STOP THEM, SIGFRIED? WHO WOULD
DARE?"

BATTLE ROT



EASTGATE, GERMANY. /17. SIGFRID ICH ROUSE WAS AN OFFICER IN THE KAISER'S ROYAL AIR GUARD, A GENTLEMAN OF BIRTH, A MAN OF INTELLIGENCE, WIT AND COURAGE.



HE HAD BEEN WITH TERRIBLE THINGS IN THE "WAR TO END ALL WARS." BUT NEVER HAD HE SEEN THAT WHICH THE GROUND FORCES SEEMED TO FEAR SO MUCH... THE DEAD RISING TO WALK AGAIN!



HE HAD HEARD THE FEARY TALE **BEARDY**, OF COURSE. ON THESE OCCASIONS HE HAD BEEN SENT TO THE FIELD HOSPITAL. HE HAD HEARD FOOT SOLDIERS TALKING THE MYTH OF THE **TRENCH ZOMBIES**.



BY NOW IT WAS AN ANCIENT MYTH TO HIM. A MYTH AS COMMONPLACE AS THE RUMORS OF PEACE. A MYTH THAT ANY OFFICER WITH THE BATTLE-HARDENED SKILLS OF SIGFRID MUST GRACIOUSLY IGNORE.



SIGFRID VON MEUSE HAD TAKEN AN ACTIVE, ENTHUSIASTIC HAND IN MORE THAN **THIRTY** AERIAL BATTLES. ALREADY THAT WAS TWENTY-NINE TIMES MORE THAN THE AVERAGE FIELD SOLDIER SAW IN HIS ENTIRE MILITARY CAREER!



SIGFRID HAD PERSONALLY SENT MORE THAN **FIFTEEN** MEN TO THEIR GRAVES. HE HIMSELF HAD INCURRED WOUNDS IN **TWOSE** AERIAL ATTACKS... AND HAD ONCE EVEN BEEN FORCED TO LAND HIS BADLY DAMAGED FOKKER IN THE TRENCHES NEAR MONTAUDRY!



BUT HE HAD NEVER, EVER SEEN ONE OF THE MEN HE KILLED RISE UP FROM THE SMOKING EMBERS OF HIS BURNING PLANE.



NOR DID HE EVER EXPECT TO. SIGFRID WAS SIMPLY TOO GOOD A SOLDIER TO TAKE STOCK OF ANYTHING SO UNMILITARY AS THE SUPERNATURAL.

YES, ON THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 10, 1917, CAPTAIN SIGFRED VON HAUSE SET OUT ON A MISSION THAT WOULD SHATTER BOTH HIS SOUL... AND HIS PEACEFUL SLEEP FOR THE REST OF HIS DAYS.



HIS MISSION: DESTROY THE CATHOLIC HOSPITAL AT ARRAS. BEFORE THE ALLIED FORCES HAD A CHANCE TO COMMANDER IT FOR THEIR WOUNDED.



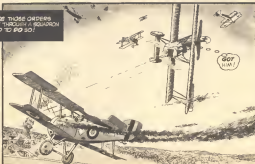
SIGFRED DID NOT PARTICULARLY BELIEVE THAT THE DESTRUCTION OF A CIVILIAN HOSPITAL... AND THE SUBSEQUENT ANNIHILATION OF THE INNOCENT NITEN... WAS THE CORRECT ACTION TO HELP GERMANY WIN A WAR.



BUT THE GERMAN PILOT WAS A GOOD SOLDIER. HE KNEW IT WAS NOT HIS PLACE TO QUESTION THE REASONING OR ORDERS OF HIS SUPERIORS.



SIGFRED WOULD EXECUTE THOSE ORDERS EVEN IF HE HAD TO FLY THROUGH A SQUADRON OF THE WALKING DEAD TO DO SO!





THE BLACKNESS CLOSED HARD UPON
SIFRID, AND HE RAN HIM INTO
PEACEFUL, SEMI-CONSCIOUSNESS.



FOR AN ETERNITY HE LAY
AMIDST THE RUBBLE OF HIS
ROKER...OF THE HOSPITAL, HE
HAD SO BADLY DESTROYED!

EVENTUALLY THEY CAME...HANDS DROPPING FOR
HIM IN THE DARKNESS...LIFTING HIM FROM THE
WRECKAGE...PEELING, CUTTING AWAY THE JACKET
THAT WAS ENCRUSTED WITH HIS OWN DRIED BLOOD!



THEY WERE WARW...LOVING...KINDLY HANDS, CARESSING...
CLEANING...MINISTERING TO HIS WOUNDS TENDERLY. IN HIS
DAZED, DRUG-LIKE EUPHORIA, SIFRID WAS AWARE OF THAT...
THAT AND SOMETHING MORE.



HE KNEW THAT THESE WERE *ENEMY* HANDS...HANDS
OF THE FRENCH HE HAD ONLY HOURS BEFORE, SWORN
COMMANDS TO *KILL!*

HE TRIED DESPERATELY TO
OPEN HIS EYES...TO SEE...TO
REASSURE THOSE WHO TENDED
HIM. IT WAS AN EFFORT AS
VALIANT AS ANY HE HAD PUT
FORTH WITH THE LONG, BLOODY WAR!



SIFRID WANTED UNCONSOLABLY TO *THANK* THESE NOBLE FRENCHMEN
WHO MINISTERED TO HIM...HIS LIPS PARTED...WHISPERING A FAINT SMILE.
HIS EYELIDS, HEAVY FROM THE PAIN...THE BLOOD CRACKING HIS FACE...LIFTED
EVER SO SLOWLY.



MOMENTARILY, HIS VISION
CLEARED...AND HE
SAW...

...THOSE ABOUT WHOM HE
HAD HEARD SO MUCH!

AND SIFRID VON HELDRE SCREAMED. HE
SCREAMED UNTIL HIS JAWWIT WAS
GONE!

AND EVER THERE AFTER,
HE NEVER CLOSED HIS
EYES AGAIN!





GET IN THERE, TROUBLEMAKER!

"I'LL BE HONEST, MISS ANTHONY, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR PREDRESSOR, MISS CAITO."

"SIXTH GRADE, YOU SAID? I'M USED TO SLIGHTLY OLDER CHILDREN, PRINCIPAL DUFFY."



IT'S DARK IN HERE! I'M SCARED, MISS ANTHONY!

"I UNDERSTAND, MISS, BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S THE ONLY GRADE OPEN, MISS CAITO WASN'T VERY POPULAR WITH THE CHILDREN, I'M AFRAID, OR WITH THE REST OF THE FACULTY FOR THAT MATTER. TRUTH BE KNOWN, SHE WAS SOMETHING OF A CMOO."

"YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE FROM THE CHILDREN, MISS. THEY WOULD WELCOME THE CHANGE. WHAT DO YOU SAY, MISS ANTHONY?"

"WELL... I ACCEPT, PRINCIPAL DUFFY. I'M SURE THE CHILDREN WILL GIVE ME NO TROUBLE AT ALL."



YOU CAN SCRY THERE TILL YOU LEARN HOW TO TALK IN CLASS!

PLEASE!! I WON'T DO IT AGAIN MISS ANTHONY! MISS CAITO SAID WE WERE NEVER TO GO IN HER CLOSET!

SHE SAID THERE ARE... THINGS IN HERE. SHE CALLED THEM... HOORLYWARRERS!



YOU'LL STAY IN THERE 'TIL I DECIDE TO LET YOU OUT!

PLEASE, MISS ANTHONY! I'LL BEHAVE! LET ME ...



OOO-UUTY...!



BILICAR AND THE MOMBLYWAMBLES OF GLASS



UNTIL THE MONOGS TURN
TO NIGHTMARES.



M-MISS
CATO!!

WHY'S WHYMISS
CATO DIDN'T COME
BACK? SHE REALLY
WAS A WITCH! OR
SH SHE USED
TO BE!



OH, MORNA... I
WANT TO GO HOME!
BUT I CAN'T! NOT
WITHOUT GOING BACK
TO THAT PLACE AND...
MISS CATO!

BUT I'VE
GOT TO DO
SOMETHING!



THEN I SUGGEST
YOU LOWER YOUR
VOICE! IF THE
WOMBLYRAMBLES
SHOULD HEAR YOU,
WE'RE BOTH GOING
TO REGRET IT!

NNYAHNNH!!



WHUMPPY!

DOOMP!!

SHHH!
IF YOU RAISE YOUR
VOICE, THEN NEAR
I'LL SHOUT!



WAGUPPE!

MORNA FRAMBLES,
THEY'LL BEER IN A
MOMENT! IT WAS YOUR
FEEL THAT BROUGHT
THEM THIS CLOSE!







THE TRIAL WAS A SWAN, THE SENTENCE, PREDICTABLE, BILLY'S TESTIMONY FELL UPON DEAF EARS, MONSIEUR WANKLES AND A GUAZZ 'NDEED!







QUAZZ!
OVER HERE!
BRING THEM
OVER HERE!

IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T
NOTICED... PUFF, PUFF...
I'M NOT THE ONE DOING
THE BRINGING!



NNYAGGGGH!

BILLY!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?



RAWRRG!

KEY! YOU
JOINED THE
WIZARD'S
CLUB!



AND WHERE
DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE
GOING...?

SKRAZZ!

THE LAST
ONE... THANK
GOD!



YOU REALIZE YOUR TIMING WAS
RATHER, PRECISE / ANOTHER FEW
SECONDS AND I WOULD HAVE BECOME
QUAZZ COLD-CUTS / BUT I'M SO
GLAD YOU DECIDED TO STAY AND
BECOME OUR NEW WIZARD!

QUAZZ, I CAN'T.
THIS IS MISS CANTO'S
WAND. I ONLY CAME
BACK FOR MY
FRIEND.



YOU BE THE NEXT
WIZARD, QUAZZ. KEEP
THE MOBILY WAMBLES
IN LINE, I... DON'T
THINK I'LL EVER BE
BACK.

QUAZZ THE
WIZARD / WHOEVER
WOULD HAVE THOUGHT
IT? GOODBYE,
BILLYBOY! I'LL
MISS YOU!



THEN CAME THE AFTERNOON. THERE WERE QUESTIONS, BUT NOBODY REALLY RESSSED TOO HARD FOR THE ANSWERS. NOBODY EVEN LINKED THE QUESTIONS. THE BOYS WERE HOME AND THAT WAS ALL THAT MATTERED.

THE VERY NEXT DAY THE PRINCIPAL SENT ANOTICE TO ALL TEACHERS FORS DOING THE PRACTICE OF LOCKING CHILDREN IN CLOSETS AS PUNISHMENTS. THE CLOSET WAS NAILED SHUT.

AND THE SIXTH GRADE OF WALTER JOHN'S SCHOOL GOT ANOTHER NEW TEACHER.

WHAT'S MORE FUN THAN A BARREL OF MONKEYS?

MODEL KITS
8" DOLL

PLANET
OF THE APES

POSTER PUZZLES
JIGSAW PUZZLES



CALIBAN, THE KILLER
#24163-13 50



DINA, THE DOCTOR
#24162-13 50



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Puzzle 12
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Puzzle 13
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Full color—100+ pieces 14"x20" size scenes. Large poster! Choose from 3 different scenes. Each is printed in a sturdy ink, with a metal plate at the bottom. Name of the puzzle. Item of the month. Item of the month. Item of the month.



CLONUS
#24164-13 50



GENERAL BLAGO
#24165-13 50



DR. ZERKOW
#24166-13 50



DR. ZERKOW
#24167-13 50

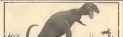


BFC & SILLCOCK
#24168-14 49



GENERAL BLAGO
#24169-14 49

Be merry, too—just snap together the matted plastic parts according to instructions. Each scene will have a plastic frame and lead frame and display them on the stands and set tags to hold up the scene. There's also an 8" x 10" size hanging kit. Be merry, too—just snap together the matted plastic parts according to instructions. Each scene will have a plastic frame and lead frame and display them on the stands and set tags to hold up the scene. There's also an 8" x 10" size hanging kit.



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ANKYLOSOSAURUS is an incredible dinosaur. One of his characteristics is his bumpy skin & his spiked tail. He is a perfect companion for your home. He is one of the best of his kind. #24101-12 79



18" long spine of the Triceratops is the most powerful beast comes with 3 horns. It is a perfect companion for your home. He is one of the best of his kind. #24102-12 20

PRE-HISTORIC WORLDS COME TO LIFE! PLASTIC KITS



THE T-RX (T-RAPIDUS) is a perfect companion for your home. He is one of the best of his kind. #24103-12 99



It is all so incredible—the way the big DINO-SAURUS! The great beauty of it is all so incredible. It is all so incredible. It is all so incredible. #24104-12 99



The phenomenon of DINO-SAURUS is a large animal with the greatest of his kind. He is one of the best of his kind. #24105-12 99



SPINED DINOSAUR is the Spine-saurus. He is a perfect companion for your home. He is one of the best of his kind. #24106-12 99



Over 4' tall and proud like this giant is the CRO-MAGNON MONSTER. A perfect companion for your home. He is one of the best of his kind. #24107-13 99



This creature was 30' tall and lived in what is now the USA. He is the GREAT SAURUS. He is one of the best of his kind. #24108-13 99



CART BEAR is a big 6' tall. He is the most powerful bear of the Pleistocene period. This animal was so amazingly 1/3 taller than any bear of today! He is a true masterpiece. #24109-13 99



The first of the cave men—HOMINIDICAL MAN! Lived in what is now Europe, could survive extremely low temperatures. He is 4' 1/2" high, 100 lbs. #24110-13 99

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EXCITING FAVORITES!
ALL-PLASTIC
MONSTERS
TO BUILD
AND DISPLAY

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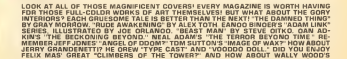
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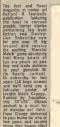
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